

Wi-WZ

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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning Wi-Wz


Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Writer on Lincoln Inquires About Author of Poem on Emancipator

[The author of this article, a pioneer resident of Greencastle, Ind., has always been a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln. While a young man he became acquainted with William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, and assisted Mr. Herndon in gathering data for a book on Lincoln. After the death of Mr. Herndon he gathered material for his own use in writing a book on Lincoln. He is considered an authority on Lincoln. A book on the life of the emancipator was published by him in 1922. Editor's note.]

BY JESSE W. WEIK.

 SEVERAL years ago in Springfield, Mr. Herndon and I were going over the letters and papers that had accumulated in the Lincoln & Herndon law office. They covered a period of about fifteen years, beginning in 1856 and extending into the seventies. At the time Mr. Herndon was preparing to remove to the country and retire from the practice of law. The accumulation was so great we tied a portion in bundles with the intention, later, of making a more thorough examination.

It was while thus engaged that a faded yellow envelope addressed to Mr. Herndon and mailed at Indianapolis slipped from the table and fell to the floor. I picked it up and, observing that it came from an Indiana writer, I laid it aside, intending when I had more time to give it a careful reading. In some unaccountable way, however, it was misplaced and I never saw it after that until I came across it a few months ago.

As the letter relates to the life of a Union soldier born in Indianapolis, and who tells his story to Lincoln in rhyme, I submit it herewith in the hope that some person who knew him will be able to tell who the writer was and his subsequent history.

"Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 23, 1867.
"Dear Sir—Yesterday I sent you a poem entitled 'Abraham Lincoln.' It was inspired by a sentiment expressed in one of his messages early in 1861, and by the scenery where his childhood was passed. Our division and regiment, then commanded by Gen. Nelson, encamped for several weeks on Nolin creek, one mile and a quarter from Hodgenville, Laure county, Kentucky, near where Mr. Lincoln was born. We passed the time in drilling. I visited the places where Mr. Lincoln's father was said to have lived. I wrote the poem when in camp at Silver Springs, Wilson county, Tenn., Nov. 10, 1862, and sent a copy to Mr. Lincoln, but its receipt was not acknowledged until November, 1864, at which time a printed copy was forwarded to him and duly acknowledged. I also sent a copy to Wendell Phillips.

"Although the poem is written in Spencer's stanza, yet it was written in a studied simplicity of style so as to correspond with the man described, and with a peculiar arrangement of rhymes which occur in each of the ten stanzas except the first. By virtue of this arrangement, the first and last words in the seventh verse of every stanza are made to rhyme with each other.

"Other men who staid at home during the war have, perhaps, written better poems on the character of Mr. Lincoln, but they did not do as I did—have to leave Cass county, Missouri, for being his political friend; nor fight for him as a common soldier four years and four months. I never had the pleasure of seeing him, but when I heard that he was elected President my joy was great beyond expression. As you were a friend of Mr. Lincoln I hope that my poem will please you.

"I was born in Indianapolis, Ind., March 15, 1830. Obligated by the secessionists to leave Cass county, Missouri, for being a Lincoln man I returned to Indianapolis: enlisted in Company F, 17th regiment, Indiana Volunteers April 25, 1861; re-enlisted at Pulaski, Tenn., Jan. 4, 1864; mustered out Aug. 8, 1865 at Macon, Ga.; reached Indianapolis Aug. 19, 1865, and was duly discharged.

"Yours truly,
"CYRUS WICK.

"Here is the poem:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
BY CYRUS WICK.

One cloudy day that ended in October,
When winds were calm and leafy woods
were still
Clad in their colors, gorgeous, rich and
sober,
While yet their tints surpassed the
painter's skill,
I stood upon the brow of Muldraugh's Hill,
Where scattered cedars slight and
smooth and slim
Rose green with life no frost could kill or
chill,
I saw below the childhood haunts of
him
Whose fame and wreath and name long
ages may not dim.

II.
The man who now has nations for be-
holders
And who has said our government was
made
To lift the weights from off of all men's
shoulders,
Though for a time its purpose was de-
layed,
When Treason's banded minions were ar-
rayed,
He had become the chosen Chief of
State,
Displayed the arts that made those hosts
afraid,
While others wavered, traitors were
elate,
He calmly used his might to rule our
nation's fate.

III.
Born in a region famed in song and story,
Where rugged hills have lovely vales be-
tween,
Where pure cold streams like gleams of
transient glory
At once will burst from bluffs that gape
and lean
And sink again to hide their crystal sheen,
Where cedars cluster in the forest
shades,
Their green boughs screen the deep, un-
seen ravine,
Where brooks will wind and sparkle
through the glades
Or fall like molten silver brightly in cas-
cades

IV.
A poor man's son, his lot was one of
rivers
But toil and training in his early youth
Gave mind and body their unwonted vigor,
Imbued his soul with honesty and truth,
He was the man he seemed to be, in sooth,
A patriot such as could never feel
That ruth for Treason with its serpent
tooth
Which shameless scoffers often will
reveal
And haters of our land can never well
conceal.

V.
His dwelling places like his callings vary
But helped to mold him as he was
designed.

On wooded hills or in the grassy prairie
He gained that nature twofold in its
kind,
The Statesman's with the Woodsman's
tact combined,
Led by a judgment passion can not
cloud—
A mind whose like we rarely ever find—
And with that matchless common sense
endowed
That lastly overmatches genius bright
and proud.

VI.
He timely came when Treason was defiant
From prairie lands beneath the sunset
glow,
Our champion and our rugged Western
giant,
To deal the traitor Southron such a blow
That yet shall cause his utter overthrow:
A living type of Freedom's cause and
creed
Whose foe shall yet be baffled and laid
low:
A man so fit to do that glorious deed
And be our Chief of State in peril's hour
and need.

VII.
Few would have thought who heard him
telling stories
And jokes that rustic hearers might
applaud,
That he would be one of our country's
glories
And live to send those edicts far abroad
That made enslavers tremble and be awed
And meet the punishment they well
deserved
For fraud and crime they long had loved
to laud,
The power that other rulers tamely
served,
He ventured to defy and have his arm
unerved.

VIII.
Firm as a hill upon its wall of boulders,
His faith was that our fathers had this
aim:
To lift the weights from off men's
shoulders,
And that their sons, if worthy of the
name,
Would live and strive and battle for the
same,
One precious boon their valor should re-
tain.
He came a just conclusion to proclaim
Words that shall loose the bondman
from his chain
And leave our country free from lust
and guilt and stain.

IX.
Though called to govern in our darkest
season
He vaunted nothing by a mere display
Not only had he to contend with treason
But with the loyal faint with one dis-
may.
Much was accomplished by a wise delay
In his attack upon a power and wrong
Which they were long accustomed to obey
Despite their prejudice unduly strong
To even fight for Right he aptly won
this throng.

X.
Before that rest wherein the body molds
May he and we behold the brighter day
That lifts the weights from all men's
shoulders
And takes the strength of Treason quite
away
And gives to Freedom all her rightful
sway.
May he remain a man of rarer mold
His ray be light that never leads astray,
His hope be warm, his judgment calm
and cold
Our chosen Chief of State who wisely
could be bold.

Silver Spring, Tenn.
Nov. 8, 1862.
After recording his poem as above,
the writer sets out the replies of Presi-
dent Lincoln and Wendell Phillips, to
whom copies of the same had been sent,
as follows:

"Executive Mansion,
"Washington 12 December 1864.
"My dear Sir—I take pleasure in ac-
knowledging the receipt of your letter
and poem and in thanking you for your
kindness.
Yours very truly,
"A. LINCOLN."

"Boston, Mass., Dec. 9, 1864.
"Dear Sir—Excuse this delayed reply
to your recent favor inclosing your
verses, which are both good and hearty.
Of course I assent to your every senti-
ment and say Amen to all the patriot-
ism and feel all the poetry.

"Sincerely,
"WENDELL PHILLIPS."

Indianapolis Star—Nov 4 1922

WEIK

Poem Written at Lincoln's Death Now Published for the First Time

TRIBUNE 2-21-15

While rummaging through some old papers and letters last week, Assistant City Attorney Wiggin discovered a poem written by his father, J. P. Wiggin, on the morning following the assassination of President Lincoln.

Mr. Wiggin at that time was conducting a school near Williamsburg, Va., for the education of Negro children. A Quaker by birth, Mr. Wiggin was forbidden by the teachings of his religion to bear arms. Shortly before the Civil War broke out he left his home in New Hampshire to conduct the school founded by the newly established Freedmens Bureau.

During the strife and turmoil of the war Mr. Wiggin continued teaching children whose parents were slaves. All through the war he kept the little academy running within forty miles of Richmond, the capital of the Southern Confederacy. During General McClellan's Peninsula campaign Federal and Confederate troops were quartered on the grounds of the school within the same twenty-four hours.

Nature Seemed to Mourn.

The week proceeding Lincoln's assassination Wiggin and his pupils listened every day to the booming of the cannon that told of the siege of Richmond by the Union troops. On the morning after Lincoln was shot Mr. Wiggin declared that all nature seemed to be mourning. There was a strange depression, he said, that hung like a shroud over everything. Even dumb animals seemed affected. Then shortly before noon came the news that Lincoln had been shot and killed. His death, it seemed to Mr. Wiggin, explained the mystery of nature's mourning. Sitting at his desk in the little academy, he wrote a poem describing as well as he could the dull sense of sadness that had seemed to precede the tidings of the catastrophe to the nation.

Lincoln Heard Pleas.

In the Great Emancipator's death Mr. Wiggin mourned more than the loss of a great President to the Nation. He had come to regard Lincoln as a friend. Twice during the war he had appealed to him personally for assistance and each time Lincoln had heard. Once a poor woman whose only son had been reported missing in battle came to Wiggin for assistance. The woman had exhausted every means at her command to get news of her boy, but had failed. Wiggin wrote to Lincoln for news of the humble private soldier. Three weeks later came an answer signed by the President's own hand. The boy was convalescent in an army hospital. He had been wounded, but was coming home.

Pardon Not Too Late.

Again, Wiggin's three cousins were drafted into the service. They refused to violate the teachings of their religious creed by bearing arms and were sentenced by a war-time court-martial to death. Wiggin appealed to Lincoln and a pardon arrived two hours before the execution was to have taken place.

The poem which Mr. Wiggin wrote has never been published. After it was written the author locked it away in his desk. After his death it was turned over to his son and placed by him among other old letters and papers written during the war-time. Last week when he found it again the faded writing was almost illegible in places and the blue stationery was yellowed with age. With care, however, the writing was deciphered.

Following is the poem:

ON THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

And can it be that he is dead.
Our great, our goodly President;
Who in ascending triumph led
Our nation onwards as it went.
Through mulling years of fearful strife
Such as before the world ne'er knew.
In battling field or civil life.
Till peace came shining on the view?

Our Lincoln is dead; ignobly slain!
By stealthy murder plucked away;
Cut down by foulest hand profane;
Our noblest friend a villain's prey;
To Freedom's cause a martyr made;
And choicest offering she could fetch
Upon the blood-dyed altar laid.
By Slavery's vilest, restive wretch!

Yes, he is dead; and well 'twere known.
To me, some tragic wrong and loss—
Ere on the lightning's wing had flown
The news the telegraph across
On far Louisiana shores were known

The press and telegraph outrun
Some horror of a dye o'ergrown
By every tone (a doleful moan)
Of nature since the deed were done.

Ah, yes! most clear, from drooping vine
Whose tendrils pulseless queer unbound,
And from the reticte lowing kine
Slow pacing o'er the ground.
Distress were read; and from the murmuring
rills

Whose cadences were notes of woe.
That in trickling down the shrinking hills
Proclaim the tidings as they go.

And all of life in smitten soul
Gave fearful token of the blow.
The wretched brute, the barn-yard fowl,
The slowly sailing sombre crow,
The raven, hawk and mooping owl,
And mocking bird, and sad cuckoo,
And robin nestling on the birch;
The sparrow swinging on the ead
With drooping head, and silent speech
Confirmed, amazed, a dreadful deed.

And, too, upon the frowning Sun,
By funeral pacing of the clouds
And on the sky so sickly wan.
And from the willows weeping loud.
Well 'twere read; and then the breeze
That faltering passed across the plain
In low, husky whisperings told the loss.
And they, in turn, the listening grain.

The forest, too, the fearful tale
Took up; and bowed the giant oak,
Appalled; and through the dirge-swept vale
Each tree its wail in requiem spoke.
The gallant elm by vine embossed
In emulation, bending gave
In mourning, with a low hung crest,
The weeping willow by the wave.

Nor were the flowers behind
All else in sensitive alarm.
Translating quick the troubled wind
And timid at the monstrous harm.
At once the sepals closing bind
The petals in protecting arms;
The sunnuck around the haw entwined,
Around the eglantine the balm.

Yes, he is dead! the true and brave!
The friend of freedom and of man!
The raised of God the land to save
From mailed and throttling rebel claw;
Who tore the shackles from the slave
and handcuffs from the bleeding hand
and handcuffs from the bleeding hand
Downrode, 'tis now is Freedom's land,
Conceded to those in our own name

From rise of morn till low the sun
From rampart, night and warsip deck
The hummings of the half-hour gun
This day, this solemn day, bespeak
The funeral service of the dead;
The priestly rites; the cortege;
The dirge; the hearse; and mourners tread;
And grief, that countless throngs convey.

But mourn, O nation, mourn; 'tis well!
With sombre crape and sackcloth on,
With muffled drum, and toll of bell,
And bursting peal of minute-gun,
And half-mast flag and craped arrays,
'Tis due to thus bespeak thy grief;
For laid within the tomb today
Thy loved, thy lost, unequalled chief.

No longer at the council board
Nor wise in legislative hall
Will his so timely voice be heard,
Responsive to the nation's call;
Nor more illumine the contant bope,
The nation's pathway by its glow;
When mantling clouds with fearful scope
Close o'er its eye and pallid brow.

Nor more speak he the assuaging word
Allaying anger where it fell,
Wherever o'er the realm 'twere heard,
As if he were God's own oracle.
Nor more the mighty anecdote
Like sword in Alexander's hand,
Will cut the cobaltic knot
Whose clenching fibres rend the land.

gone, alas! Our joy and hope;
Those attributes so needed now—
That eye that like the telescope
Brought distant fallacies to view.
The heart; the cheer; the endless wit;
The brow that never knew a frown;
He who from Eryie throne had yet
Such blessing always to hand down.

So drape in black the dwelling walls;
The sorrowing emblems much display;
In black festoon the gorgeous halls,
And wreath and rosette thick inlay,
And round each pillar post and pole
Let spiral fold of black-cloth twine;
And wheels of trade forhear their roll
And sable shroud each haunting sign,
For ne'er his counterpart again,
Will ye be called upon to mourn.

And stay awhile the axe and plow.
The anvil, saw and rattling loom;
The wind and sea are voiceless now;
Mar not this mete and sacred gloom,
And sou of Afric well mavst thou
The great and good man long bewail,
And wear the rue leaf o'er thy brow
At the disheartening shameful tale.

But now 'tis past; bath oped the ground
And closed; he mingles with the clay.
The weeping mourners forth turn round
And tread their hard unwilling way.
Tis past and over Jordan's wave
Who once was glad Columbia's boast,
But still he lives though in the grave,
A ruler that she honors most.

Oh, God above! Thou Sovereign high,
Of heaven and earth, Our Father! friend!
Hear now the grief torn nation's cry
And kindness and Thy mercy lend;
Vouchsafe to Thine this humble prayer
Let all Thy further writh be stayed,
Let war no more the country tear
And heal the breach so widely made.

Let o'er the scar in pity laid
To hide the guilty nation's shame
A fig leaf wide and green be spread,
And peoples joined of every name
So weave a blooming olive zone
With fair Acanthus thick inlaced—
Then being to be eternal worn
The golden cestus round her waist.

Hampton's Magazine

February, 1909

L I N C O L N

1809-1865

AND he was once a babe, little and like any other,
 Wan, slow-eyed, knowing not his mother, knowing only her breasts,
 Sleeping in the day, showing no hint of stature or of pow'r!
 What recked he that the walls about were less than palace walls,
 Or that the snow, sifting upon him through the log-crevices,
 Was not the dust of warm and gentle stars?
 Rude-handed they who tended him—rough miners with a Kohinoor—
 And yet were they the tools of God to help that babe to be!

THEN sun succeeded sun, and to the wid'ning eyes of Youth
 Far heights on heights stood clear,
 Topped by a nameless glory to be won
 By life and love and tireless trust in Right,
 And patient toil and fearless grapple with the Wrong.
 'Twas but the vision of a dreamful boy,
 But in it surely lay the unity of States,
 The lengthened gleam of all the Flag's fair stars,
 And justice done to men—some white, some black,
 The owners and the owned,
 But bondaged all until the great Decree!

AND oh, the soul of him
 So stalwartly enbarred within its clay,
 Yet roaming far, halting not upon the shores of his America,
 Crossing seas and deserts to set up its claim
 Of universal kinship!
 We say we are his people,—proudly we say it and with reverence,—
 But in his heart he kept all men and fathered them with tenderness.
 Almost it seemed as if from out his loins—
 This great parental man—the race had sprung!

HE knew no couch of down, no viands rare, no easy leveled way.
 Lonely he fought his fight and gained the meed of Wisdom,
 Insignia of Poise, and Love's gemmed chaplet, fadeless through the years.
 We say that he was born, and date his death,
 But while the light seeks out the vales, and darkness holds them close,
 This man shall be!

RICHARD WIGHTMAN

The Congregationalist, February 11, 1926.

As Sheep Without a Shepherd

By Amos Niven Wilder

Lincoln. Compassionate surgeon of the throes
Of anguish of two races. Adequate heart
On whom the myriad hearts could lean their doubt,
Trembling at destinies vast overthrows.

And Whitman, seer, who beneath the swart
Appalling storm, vermillion sky, walked out
In lightnings and the pandemoniac shows
Of hatred's discharge, and strife's dreadful rout,
To keep the wondrous vigil o'er the slain
And at the dawn with Christ's forefinger close,
And comrade-gentleness, the eyes of foes.
Seer by whose steps posterity doth gain
Access to the campaign, the rest, the assault;
And with whose eyes God pierced that night of pain;
In whom the epoch, as in light's default,
Saw itself and its hidden omens plain.

John Brown. Thou rock of iron in the stream
Of man's facilities. Obtrusive Nay
Flung at the world's abandonments. Thou "Stay"
Out of the eternal, thrust up in the way
Of custom's, season's, time's complacent Yay.
Hallucination called, fanatic dream?
Nay, granite in the unsubstantial flux
Of shadowy wills whose ancient torrent sucks
Toward nothingness, despite its seeming sway.

And Wilson. Voice of the dead. The President.
Whose shattering challenge summed the dumb appeals
Of frustrate generations, as the peals
Of sharp, peremptory thunder give a vent
To gathered silences, until earth reels.

Are then such overlords of time's event,
Such wielders of fate's arms, and human powers,
Disposers of the conjunctures and the hours,
Redemption's hands and pity's instruments,
Are such withheld, and is man's virtue spent
Now when the hungering millions probe anew
The deep abysses of sincerity,
Nauseate with rank enslavements; and the few
Would see Christ formed within the race again
And timeless powers show in our mortality?

The Ladies' Home Journal

February, 1925.



PHOTO. © HARRIS & EWING

THE DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH STATUE OF LINCOLN

The Lincoln Memorial

By ALMA ADAMS WILEY

MAN of the rugged frame and calm, worn face,
Sitting colossal in thy marble chair,
Oh for a voice to ring through star-strewn space
And tell thee that, though dead, thou livest there!
Kings have for queens built spire and monument—
Still gleams the jeweled Taj in moonlit pool;
In Buddha's bronze a woman's grief is pent;
Once Rome's grim warriors carved in stone their rule;
But what is Orient dome or royal shrine
Or crumbling arch's half-forgotten fame
Before the glory of a home like thine,
Erected in a grateful people's name?

The Nation which thou savedst this splendor gave,
Proportioned with strict care the flowing lines
Of colonnade and porch and architrave,
The lofty seat, the panels' rich designs.
Thy seerlike brow no fleeting laurels bind;
But circling round the great memorial's height
Thy mighty wreath the States united wind.
Below, the mirror of the pool, sun-bright,
Reflects the stately pile, as if to show
How pure the soul that healed a Nation's woe.

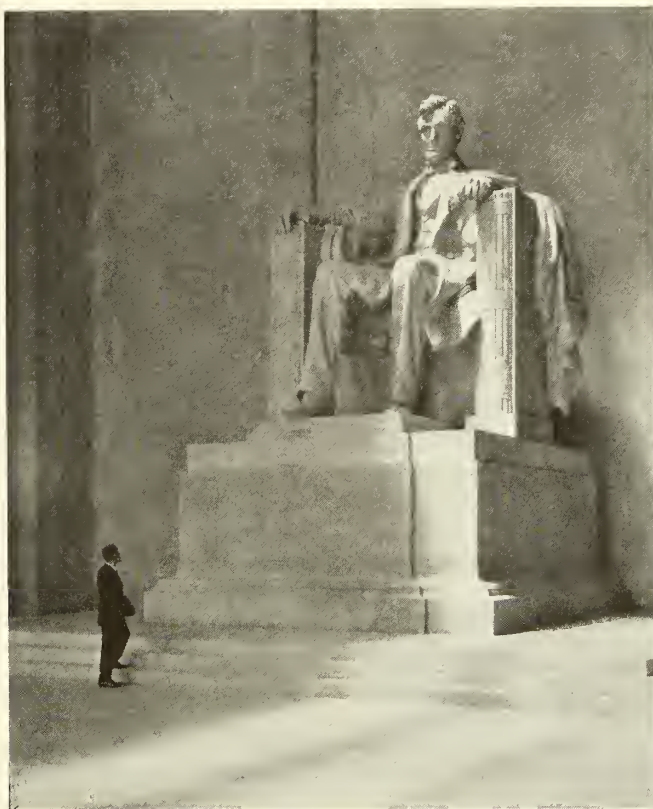


PHOTO. © HARRIS & EWING

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Roosevelt.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL
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Lincoln Memorial

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—Alma Adams Wiley, in The Ladies'
Home Journal.

Lincoln Memorial

2/12/35

LINCOLN THE EMANCIPATOR.

Born in Kentucky's Commonwealth was he
When men might buy and sell each
other;
When white denied the ebon man was free
Nor reckoned him before the law as
brother.

Latest and greatest of the Lincoln line;
From England Old to England New
they came;
To help to weave our Nation's great design;
To kindle brighter still devotion's altar
flame.

He crossed Ohio's clear and crystal flow
Where broad and bright the fields of
freedom gleam;
Where body, mind and soul might grow
To fit him for his mission all supreme.

Came Lincoln's hour as once to Moses
came
The hour of high decision. His words
were spoken;
"Forever free", those words of deathless
fame;
Great Lincoln spoke and slavery's chain
was broken.

Gen. R. J. ...
2-12-41

—Pliny A. Wiley.

LINCOLN

"High hills and deep gorges"
met his earliest gaze
and a great lonesomeness
brooded over the Kentucky scene
of his birth.

Not far away bloomed the Blue-
grass country
with soft green stretches
for a child's feet,
with companionship and joy.
But not for him—
not for the son
of that rolling stone, Tom Lincoln.

Always "high hills and deep
gorges"
and the great lonesomeness . . .
Level plains, ease,
comradeship and gayety
for others.
But not for him—
not for the son of Nancy Hanks,
grown tall now
and inured to bearing burdens.

"High hills and deep gorges"
and the great lonesomeness,
out of your silent strength,
out of your patient endurance,
you gave to the nation
a man for its hour of perilous need.

B. Y. WILLIAMS.

—THE CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR

—Wednesday, February 12, 1947—

National Republic, February, 1927.

At Lincoln's Birthplace

(Hodgenville, Kentucky)

Amazement overwhelms me as I stand
Here in the presence of this noble shrine,
A consummation I devoutly planned,
Yet hardly hoped such fortune would be mine.
That is the birthplace of the greatest son
Sprung from the union of these ardent states,
So potent are his honors that they stun
Our feeble senses, and rebuke the Fates.

Hereditary principles we know,
But what is this—one of rude nature's jokes
The greatest of our presidents should grow
Among such dull, untutored, listless folks?
It is as though the mightiest of oaks
Sprang up from barren and unseemly soil.
Howe'er the master with his magic strokes
Redeems the canvas amateurs would spoil.

In this bleak cabin Nancy's boy was born,
A gaunt and scrawny, rough, ungainly thing;
None could foreknow, that cold and bitter morn,
His name would stand above the name of king
And potentate, the mightiest of earth—
It seems that angels might desire to sing
Triumphant paeons of his matchless worth—
Not so!—none heard the bells of heaven ring.

The mighty come, none heralding the time
Of their approach—they come and do their deeds,
Cause us to marvel at their strength sublime,
To question on what food their greatness feeds.
So stand I here this rainy August day,
Behold the shrine a grateful people built,
Think of his coming and his flight away,
And feel a shrinking sense of shame and guilt.

Imay have touched the hand, or toiled beside
Some hero whom the future will acclaim:
I did not know his worth, and felt no pride
In him as comrade, could not guess his aim.
So be it—if the coming years shall name
Some one I knew and shared his fellowship,
May I not even humbly share his fame,
My name pronounced by many a stranger's lip?
—DALLAS WILLIAMS.

From San Francisco, David B. Williams, an admirer of Abraham Lincoln, also sends this contribution to the column, entitled, "Emancipator's Natal Day:"

A frontier home in time of yore,
Heard a rapping on the cabin door;
In came Freedom, flower of earth.
To stand sponsor at Lincoln's birth.

Child of destiny—man of God;
We would hallow the ground he trod.
The spirit of his eminence,
We prize as our inheritance.

Our nation torn by futile strife,
Who would restore our broken life?
Lincoln arose with peace for woe.
And reunion for friend, and foe.

Today before a martyr's shrine,
Our homage pay, and wreath incline.
Dawn of peace saw his mantle fall:
To freedom's cause he gave his all.

Williams, David B.

Abraham Lincoln

To the Editor of The News-Sentinel:

A FRONTIER home in time of yore,
Heard a rapping on the cabin door;
In came Freedom, flower of earth,
To stand sponsor at Lincoln's birth.

Child of destiny—man of God;
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2/13/40 DAVID B. WILLIAMS,
205 Third Street,
San Francisco, Calif.

Ed. Wayne News-Sentinel

LINCOLN'S CAREER IN EPIC POETRY

A LIMITED, numbered edition of Francis Howard Williams' epic of Lincoln, "The Burden Bearer," has been issued by George W. Jacobs & Co., in fine library binding, with gilt top and decked edges—a handsome example of modern bookmaking.

Of the six books of Mr. Williams' ringing and heroic verse, two are devoted to the nativity, early struggles and growth into national promise of the great Liberator. Thereafter the metrical story rehearses in vivid measures the tremendous war drama enacted on southern battlefields.

With play of politics in pentameters, battle descriptions in condensed, nervous trochaics and poetic transliterations of immortal orations, the epic narrative sweeps on to a dignified and majestic conclusion:

"Toll solemn bells!
Through dim vanished years
We seem to catch the echo of your tones,
And standing where no note of discord mars
The melody of life, to hear the means—
The piteous drip of tears—
Preluding victory paean, which foretells
Immortal music sung among the stars."

The poet has accomplished a difficult task with rare historic fidelity, inerrant patriotic sentiment and lofty appreciation of his imposing subject. Sometimes—as in the versification of the famous Gettysburg speech and of the second inaugural peroration—the innate power and burning eloquence of the sentences seem more intense after passing through Mr. Williams' literary alembic.

It is history set forth, suffused in the glow of poetic art—a patriotic text—a worthy tribute to the great man in the great era.

Abraham Lincoln

By Herbert F. Williams 2 12-28
YEARS.

Anointed by the people's tears
Before thy form they prostrate fell,
Remembered now, the pregnant years,
As on thy living words they dwell.
How wonderful thy thoughts to span—
Almost a god, and yet a man!
Match thine equal? We never can.
Long will the world thy story trace,
Indebted will it ever be;
Nor fail to look upon thy face,
Calm, firm in its solemnity.
Oh, sad and awful was the day
Like feeble man thou passed away—
Now do we meet to homage pay.

Yonder, in thy martyred dress,
Entered thou the "Throne of Life."
About thee all that angels bless,
Rewarded for thine earthly strife,
Serene thou art in happiness.

HERBERT F. WILLIAMS

Brooklyn, 1928.

EVENING TRANSCRIPT.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 29, 1865.

DIRGE,

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE PASSAGE HOME OF THE
REMAINS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

*Written for the Funeral Solemnities of the President,
Detroit, 25th April, 1865,*

BY RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

AIR—Home, Sweet Home.

I.

Regretful bells are tolling,
With mournful knell profound;
Unwilling guns are booming,
With dull and solemn sound!
A pilgrim chief is passing
From 'neath the nation's dome,
To find from life's sad labors
A resting place, at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
For all the worn and weary,
There's no place like home!

II.

And fevered hearts are throbbing,
Right royal hearts and true!
And fitful tears are starting
From eyes where tears are few!
That pilgrim chief's a martyr,
Who fell the State to save!
The home that he is seeking,
A martyred patriot's grave!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
For thee, O martyred patriot,
There's no place like home!

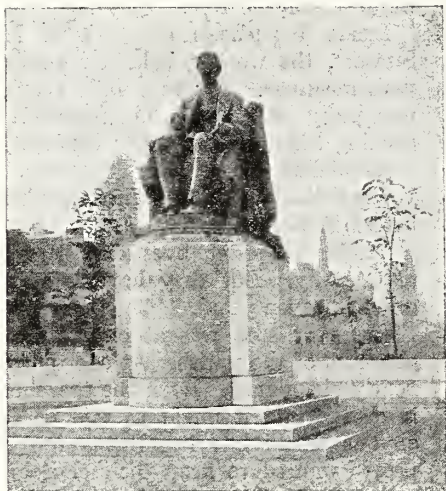
III.

Now open wide thy portals,
Thou proud and prairied West!
And decked with Spring's bright verdure,
Take LINCOLN to thy breast!
Sing, birds, his Miserere!
Ye grasses, lightly wave!
And you, ye shades of heroes,
Glide forth, and guard his grave!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Sleep well, thou martyred chieftain—
There's no place like home!

IV.

The light is breaking o'er us,
And Treason sinks appalled!
Arise! redeemed Columbia!
Thy land is disenthralled!
And though the good man perish,
From out his hallowed dust
Forth springs a race of heroes,
To guard the same high trust!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
We'll evermore defend it—
There's no place like home!

Lincoln, the Changeless



© Publishers' Photo Service

(Suggested by St. Gaudens' statue in Grant Park, Chicago)

By R. JAY WILSON

Strong as the granite of our unbending hills,

Yet kind as meadows smiling in the sun;

Changeless, timeless, and supreme he stands.

The fate of peoples yet unborn within those hands

Tenderly he holds; and with his gaze Penetrates the mist of new and perfect days

Still hidden by unchanging time, whose restless feet

The streets of far-off golden cities beat.

Unchanging Time—that cannot be—
The future stands new made by such as he.

Chatfield, Minn.

Lincoln, the Changeless



©Publishers' Photo Service

(Suggested by St. Gaudens' statue in
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The Christian Epoch 9
2/6/36

Wilson, R.J.

The Lib. 2/12/37

Abraham Lincoln the Changeless

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be—
The future stands new made by
such as he.

—R. JAY WILSON

LINCOLN

BY EDWARD C. WIMBROUGH.

HE stood alone, apart—beyond, above
His fellowmen—in figure bold and strong;
Within him wrapped a soul of sweetest song,
So resonant of pure and steadfast love—
A king indeed—a re-incarnate Jove.
His mind, his heart, his hands would do no wrong;
His light, effulgent, dimmed those of the throng;
His coat-of-arms an olive branch and dove.

At Lincoln's name our coursing blood runs red,
Our veins respond and tingling finger-tips
Rewave each Freeman's cap midst lusty cheer.
He lives—is in our thoughts—he is not dead;
In voiceless words his silent, sainted lips
Command us still so forcefully and clear.

Far Away in Old Kentucky

BY MARY B. WINGATE

Far away in old Kentucky
 Many, many years ago,
 In a little old log cabin
 Where the candle oft burned low—
 There we trace the first beginning
 Of a life of humblest birth,
 Yet whose name in song and story
 Has been carried round the earth.

Though his childhood oft was lonely
 Missing so his mother's smile,
 Yet he treasured up her precepts
 And they kept him from all guile.
 History records the lesson
 That his simple life will teach—
 How he grew in strength and wisdom
 Though uncouth in form and speech.

With a wondrous thirst for learning—
 Thirst that would not be denied—
 How he sought it—sought it ever—
 Cared for little else beside!
 How he labored till the evening,
 Then with pine torch all alight
 How he culled the precious knowledge
 In the stilly hours of night!

How the people learned to love him
 Learned to trust him in their need,
 How he led them through the conflict
 Patient still in word and deed.
 How he bore a nation's burden
 Pleading oft for grace and strength,
 How he signed the "Proclamation"
 When the time had come at length.

For he read the sacred volume
 And he pondered o'er the Word
 Till he learned to hate oppression
 Till his spirit's depths were stirred.
 For he felt that men were equal,
 Brothers of one common blood,
 And the world was bound together
 By the Fatherhood of God.

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(210)

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For he felt that men were equal,
Brothers of one common blood,
And the world was bound together
By the Fatherhood of God.

The Silent Watch

Along the passage of the years, he waits

With attitude as if he still would stand
That none should shut by day or night
the gates

Of liberty and justice in his land,
The deep concern worn on his face in life
Still lingers as the multitudes pass by,

North Rose

Penn. Jan 14 Feb 13 1936

His spirit moves amid the din and strife;
A reveille of hope fills land and sky.

"In God We Trust" within the nation's soul
Still lives; the flag unfolded still must wave;
The drum beats of a better day shall roll,
And we, Oh, Lincoln, this great land will
save.

G. H. WINKWORTH

Front Views & Profiles

By MARCIA WINN

Great Heart

When in some quiet hour my
thought,
Full sick of dull familiar round,
Turns from the gaudy present,
fraught
With strut and fret and empty
sound,
To rest on Lincoln, kindly man,
Who walked with simple trust in
God
The path that since the world began
The selfless few have ever trod—
I feel new made in hope, as one,
Worn weary by a sunlit mile,
Stops 'neath a giant oak to shun
The heat and rest a while.

H. H. H.

LINCOLN

Of all the greatest men in our fair
land
Who is the greatest, most loved Ameri-
can?
Great minds and hearts have toiled,
have fought and died,
To make us free, united, strong, and
rich.
Some of these giants tall were eloquent,
But distant, like a star alone on high;
And some were brave in war and noble
deeds.
But who, in all our silent halls of fame,
Are equal to our Lincoln, calm and
wise,
But gentle as a child, yet firm and
strong,
Who strove and ruled, but lorded over
none?
Like a majestic mountain peak he
stands
In form and heart above his fellow
men,
But ever stooped to lift the weakest
man
To share with him his love, his smile,
his tears.
Although he often laughed and clinched
his points
With wit and stories droll and humor
capped,
He never boasted when his foe was
down.
His face, when in repose, was calm and
sad,
Because he toiled in poverty and grief,
And gave his strength, and love, and
life,
For those who suffered most, that he
might lift
Them to a height of freedom, peace
and joy
Which he had never known.
No wonder, then, we love him much,
and hold
Him dear—Our Ideal American!

FRANK H. WINTER,
Cabery, Ill.

January 2 7-33

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

GEORGE W. WISEMAN

God gave him sight.

He looked beneath the surface of man's skin
And saw that outward color did not change
The heart within.

God gave him strength.

He welcomed it, than stooped to lift the weight
That greedy hands had shaped through prejudice
And human hate.

God gave him life.

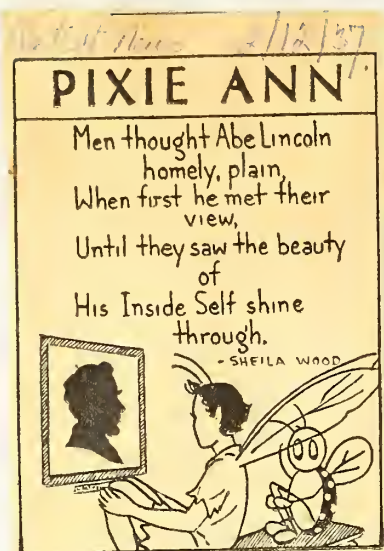
He took it from God's hands with heart aglow,
Then laid it at the feet of men whose names
He did not know.

He worked with God.

And when his sun set in the western sky,
Its rays illumined earth with freedom's light
That could not die.

Feb. 9, 1938

Lions Herald



Lincoln's Birthday

Again thy birthday dawns, O man beloved,
Dawns on the land thy blood was shed to save,
And hearts of millions, by one impulse moved,
Bow and fresh laurels lay upon thy grave.

The years but add new lustre to thy glory,
And watchmen on the heights of vision see
Reflected in thy life the old, old story,
The story of the Man of Galilee.

We see in thee the image of Him kneeling,
Before the close-shut tomb, and at the word
"Come forth!" from out the darkness, long concealing,
There rose a man; quickly again was heard

The Master's voice; and then, his cerements broken,
Friends of the dead a living brother see;
Thou at the tomb where millions lay hast spoken:
"Loose him and let him go"—the slave was free.

And in the man so long in bondage hidden
We see the likeness of the Father's face,
Clod changed to soul: by thine atonement bidden
We hasten to the uplift of a race.

Spirit of Lincoln! Summon all thy loyal,
Nerve them to follow where thy feet have trod,
To prove, by voice as clear, and deed as royal,
Man's brotherhood in our one Father, God.

IDA VOSE WOODBURY

Fame, Far-called

Fame, far-called, is her own at the last,
By every virtue of sorrow,
Though never a dream she held for self
Of a garnered Tomorrow.

^
A shadowy woman, faint outlined,
On a shadowy forest's rim,
O'er whom the lights of history
Play distantly and dim;
Unasking of the wilderness,
Dreaming no better, no other --
A shade, a myth, a memory,
Abraham Lincoln's mother.

The shadowy woman speaks no word,
Makes no gesture of hand or face;
A gaunt and toil-worn figure fixed
In a cleared forest space;
Wildness primeval about her,
Mysterious, foreign, profound,
A bas-relief of Loneliness
Against a rough-hewed ground.

Comfortless, well-nigh companionless,
Her life, wrested sheer from the wild --
Frontier patience and sacrifice --
Privation undefiled;
Spending her courage endlessly,
Hoping no better, no other --
An epic life in epic mold,
Abraham Lincoln's mother!

Worn in her youth and dead in her prime,
Graveless and spent and defeated,
In a slack grave her womanhood
Seemingly completed;
A broken-hearted little boy
Looking up at the neutral stars . . .
And God concerned in His own far way
With healing her meekened scars.

Wilderness years . . . wilderness years,
With never a thought of other,
Yet out of the agony Fame for her --
Abraham Lincoln's mother!

-- Rea Woodman

(Written in 1919.)

Harden County, Kentucky

February 12, 1909

A cabin in the wildness;

Solitude; forests; sky;

And ever the silence shivered

By forest creature's cry;

A cabin in the wildness;

A man child born. Now, see

Down widening avenues of Fame

7 How green his laurels be!

The century-worn, meek cabin

By marble walls confined --

By columned silence ringed about,

Enguarded and enshrined.

-- Rea Woodman

1, 21

L I N C O L N A N D L I B E R T Y

B y C h a r l e s C o k e W o o d s

As sweet as the soul of sunland
Was the radiant heart of him;
And mighty was his strong hand,
When Freedom's skies went dim;
He grappled with the gunners,
To make our great land free,
And outraced all the runners,
To save our liberty.

He battled the bold seceder,
When war's dread thunders rolled;
And yet was the gentlest leader
Of the sheep back to the fold;-
Was a match for any foeman,
When death smote on the land,
And yet could weep with woman,
And her weeping understand.

He planted the lilies and roses,
Where war's nightshades had grown;
And our troubled day discloses
Great truths which he had known,-
That unlearned and the lettered
Must reap what they have sown,
And right goes on unfettered,
To break the tyrant throne.

Great warrior for others,
Undimmed is thy renown;
All children and all mothers
Would weave for thee a crown;
All peoples of the nations
Shall far thy fame prolong,
And Freedom's celebrations
Shall keep thee in her song.

Los Angeles, California.

"Somebody"

"Get books, Abe. Read good books. Be Somebody."

-- His Mother.

Shadows greyer than born of earthly cause
Down-gather in a tiny room,
And through the incredible strain and pause
Unrecognized majesties gloom,
For Death, in his casual rounds today,
Has come to an outpost clearing,
And the young mother, in her still, far way,
Has heeded his silent nearing.

Desperate her need for wise words that will guide
The life of her quaint little son --
Words that will spur his ambition and pride
Years after her own work is done;
With the worth of a life's longing they leap;
"Get books, Abe. Read good books." Then, clear,
A command: "Be somebody!" . . . Closer creep
The grayling shadows, sure and sheer.

"Somebody!" O anxious mother, dying
In a pioneer wilderness,
The future of your son, far outvying
Most noble fames, how could you guess?
Worn with privation, isolate, lonely,
You yet bore the conqueror's heart;
The urge of your spirit sanctioned only
For your son an outstanding part;

Not one of the triune of his homeland
You visioned him in that hour,
With a people's heart in his rugged hand,
Type of their prowess and power;
A name honored the full round of the earth --
How could you dream he would bear it?
Just a tired woman, used to toil and dearth,
How could you guess you would share it?

You coveted for him respect and love
From the people he lived among;
A place calmly set apart and above
From the level and ruck of the throng;
Thinking of a modest and local fame,
In town, county, or state, maybe --
The rooted import of an upright name
Fellow-townsmen hold firm in fee.

Now, see what you have! A nation that holds
The ideals of your only son,
And enlatges as their meaning unfolds,
In triumph after triumph won;
A world in slow travail to gain his heights,
Straining to the vast reach of him --
To catch unbroken and steady the lights
That play on his faith's beaker-brim!

Your spirit clarioned clear to the boy;
The ages will answer the call;
New methods of glory Fame shall employ
To insure his niche in Time's wall;
Till earth, numb with cold, swirls through wounded space,
And the stars stagger in their ways,
Humanity's highest heart will give place,
And trumpet the paths to his praise!

-- Rea Woodman

L I N C O L N

By CHARLES COKE WOODS, Ph. D.

From want and poverty he leaps,
As if from dreaming trance,
And climbs with steady steps the steeps
That challenge his advance.
Truth-girt he stands serene and strong,
Where battle bugles blare,
And with the right subdues the wrong,--
Divinely brave to dare.

Our common flesh and blood was he,
Earth-born, but Heaven-sent
To bring the people's jubilee,
With love's disarmament;
Almighty power had girded him
With undefeated right,
And when our skies with war went dim,
God's chieftain won the fight.

From "A Harp of the Heart", (Page 71)

L I N C O L N A N D L I B E R T Y

By C h a r l e s C o k e W o o d s

His life he lived for others,
This prophet of the free,
To build a world of brothers,
In leagues of liberty:
As sweet as the soul of Sunland
Was the radiant heart of him;
This mighty man of all God-planned,
When Freedom's skies went dim.

He pleaded with seceders,
When war's red thunder rolled,
The gentlest of leaders
Back to the waiting fold;
But he was a mighty foeman,
When Wrong began the fight,
Yet tender as a woman--
This champion of right.

He planted fragrant roses,
Where war's nightshades had grown,
And our day discloses
Great truths which he made known;
That ignorant and lettered
Must reap what they have sown,
And right moves on unfettered
To break the tyrant throne.

Great man of God's own making,
Thy spirit lives today,
Where ancient wrongs are breaking
Apart like clods of clay;
Long sleeping eyes are waking,
And fetters fall away,
Where wounded hearts are aching
For Freedom's healing day.

Monrovia, Cal.

Thalia S. Woods
702 East Church Street
Orlando, Florida 32801

THE MONTH WAS JUNE

Story in verse of the wedding of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks
by
Thalia S. Woods

The month was June! Kentucky's sun was warm and bright!
Tom Lincoln's head was high and his heart was light
As he rode toward Beechland where Nancy Hanks lived
With widowed "Aunt Rachael Berry," her beloved relative.
The Richard Berrys felt that Nancy well earned her way
With her fine spinning and sewing -- "Abundant pay
For what we can give her." They loved Nancy's way.
She was gentle and kind, tall, graceful and slim,
With serious grey eyes, dark hair, olive skin,
Great native intelligence, logical mind,
And deeply religious -- "Just one of her kind,"
The Berrys told Tom who for seventeen years
Had lived near the Berrys, sharing pioneer fears,
As well as laughter at stories and jokes
Which were always welcomed by Beechland folks.

Now three years had passed since Tom bought a farm
In Hardin County where he served somewhat as gendarme:
Often called to help at the County Court House
With jobs of trust or in quelling carouse.
Tom was sturdily built; his muscles were strong,
And he had strict convictions for the right against wrong.
On his farm lived his mother, Bathsheba by name,
Proud of her son, a carpenter too of sizable fame.

MORE

Thalia S. Woods
702 East Church Street
Orlando, Florida 32801

THE MONTH WAS JUNE -- 2

Tom's interest in Nancy continued to grow.
Just when it ripened to love even he didn't know;
But now on the twelfth of June in eighteen-o-six,
Came the hoped-for day when he was "right proud" to affix
His name with that of the late Richard Berry's son
To the marriage bond of the girl he had won.

No wonder Tom rode straight with his head well back!
He wore a new black suit and a fine beaver hat;
Silk suspenders he'd bought from the Bleakley store,
And a "tipt" which with shivery pride his favorite horse wore.

Though Tom rode with head high, how could he know
About his ancestors of the then long ago:
Of the early Lincolns first to forsake
Their home in Old England on "the hill by the lake,"
And move on to Hingham in County Norfolk
Where for generations they lived, modest, resolute folk?
He didn't know Thomas was first of that family tree
To come to Massachusetts in sixteen thirty-three;
Nor that four years later young Samuel sailed from
The family in England to join brother Tom.
It was Sam who helped build Hingham's Old Ship Church;
(This came to light in later years of research).
Many there were from this Lincoln clan
Who fought for the freedom of their new land.
Amos was one of the hosts at the Boston tea,
And General Benjamin ranks high in U. S. history.

MORE

Thalia S. Woods
702 East Church Street
Orlando, Florida 32801

THE MONTH WAS JUNE -- 3

From Samuel's sons came a governor of Maine,
And two served in Massachusetts from the same strain.
It was Samuel's grandson, Mordecai, Jr. by name
Who sired John Lincoln of no little fame
As a respected land-owner in Virginia's great State,
And who earlier ^{or} in what proved an eventful date
Had welcomed, in Pennsylvania, a lusty wee one
Whom he called Abraham. He was John's third son.

This Abe fell heir to Virginia acres, two hundred ten;
But Daniel Boone's influence as at its height then;
And his friend, Captain Abraham, chattels in hand,
Took the wilderness trail to Kentucky's "rich" land.
Alas! A few years went by, then Abe clearing the wood
Was shot. "Injuns" came a wild shriek from where little Tom stood.
Mordecai, Tom's oldest brother was quick to fire back
From a peephole in the cabin, merely a crack,
Killing the Indian with his sure aim;
But Mordecai, Josiah and Thomas (note each Bible name)
Were left to grow up in a land still wild and untamed..

Of course none of this past was in Tom's jubilant mind
On thistwelth day of June when the whole world seemed kind!

At the Berry home all had been working for days,
Nancy making her clothes; the household and slaves
Preparing "fixins" for the infare to follow along
After the wedding -- good food, good stories and song.

MORE

Thalia S. Woods
702 East Church Street
Orlando, Florida 32801

THE MONTH WAS JUNE -- 4

Nancy's long dark hair was becomingly done;
Highlights gleamed through it in the bright morning sun;
Her serious grey eyes in an unusual way
Seemed almost a hazel, like Tom's, on that day.

Nancy was known by the whole countryside
For her fine needle work, pride of any young bride!
She made her own wedding dress of linen and silk,
With touches of red. "It gave just the right lilt,"
A fashion critic of today might have said,
"To the slim figure from ankle to head."
Cousin Sarah Thompson exclaimed, "It fits to a tee,
You're the 'purtiest' bride I ever did see!"

The marriage vows were pronounced at high noon;
Then came the infare, for some none too soon.
Relatives and friends had started early that day,
Many traveling on horseback a very long way.
The Hanks and the Lincolns came first so that they
Could help with "the cookin' or jist anyway."
The Brooners, the Thompsons, the Brumfields came too;
The Daniels, the Sparrows, Isaac Bush, ~~Tom's friend~~ tried and true.
Even the Washington Court House had closed,
For so many friends and relatives chose
To see sweet-natured Nancy wed to well-thought-of Tom,
And enjoy a rare feast, a willing gift from
Nancy's Aunt Rachael -- of generous fame
And her son, Richard, Jr., reputed the same.
Their comfortable cabin was larger by far
Than many a neighbor's; and nothing could mar

14008

Thalia S. Woods
702 East Church Street
Orlando, Florida 32801

THE MONTH WAS JUNE -- 5

The joy of a wedding; good jokes, songs and a feast
Of barbecued sheep, wild turkey, bear meat;
Properly hung and apple-stuffed roseate duck;
Saddle of venison from a ripe, tender buck;
Honey and butter made out of ^{dried flavory peach;} ~~fresh peach~~
With maple sugar lumps always in reach .
Though Tom didn't "cuss" or drink like most men,
No infare was thought of without whiskey then.

A methodist preacher, the Reverend Jesse Head,
Had been called by his friends, the Berrys, to wed
Young Nancy and Tom. But the ^{newlywed's} spiritual search
Was to lead to the Little Mount Baptist Church
North of Elizabethtown -- where they were to go
To a new log cabin on two lots, records show.

At the height of the singing, "yarn swappin'" and fun,
Tom stole Nancy away; on horseback they sprung
And road toward the west and ^{the} fast setting sun.

Yes, the month was June; soon the stars silver bright!
Who could ask for a more perfect night
To ride through still woodlands to a new cabin site?

#####

Spicewood tea well sweetened was sure to gratify.
Young girls -- while boys devoured "Aunt Rachel's" "punkin' pie."

Truman Hollis Woodward
26-58
LINCOLN

TRUMAN HOLLIS WOODWARD

Through moral wilderness you forged by night,
Brave pioneer, yet held your course aright,
And where the path of truth uncertain lay,
For all mankind you blazed the better way.

That Book which you so intimately knew
Bequeathed its very words and soul to you;
Where some cried: "Vengeance, when the foe shall fall!"
No malice thine, but charity for all.

Leader of men in time of civil strife,
The last full measure of devotion—life—
You gave, that this, our nation, might be one;
The ages evermore attest: "Well done!"



*This poem accompanies
the picture*

The Song of the Sangamon

By

CARRIE DOUGLAS WRIGHT *mozir*







The Song of the Sangamon

Through your peaceful valley flowing
Sangamon, Sangamon.

O your fame is ever growing,
Sangamon, Sangamon.

Since upon your golden sand
Our loved Lincoln oft did stand
While the soft wind gently fanned,
Sangamon, Sangamon.

By your old mill-wheel here turning,
Sangamon, Sangamon.

With his book sat Lincoln learning,
Sangamon, Sangamon.

Your sweet song gives us a thrill
As it echoes o'er the hill,
For you sing of Lincoln still,
Sangamon, Sangamon.

Sing, sing on, your wondrous story,
Sangamon, Sangamon.

It has filled the land with glory,
Sangamon, Sangamon.

Here, as in no other place,
Is there melody and grace,
You've reflected Lincoln's face,
Sangamon, Sangamon.



Little wonder Lincoln loved you,
Sangamon, Sangamon.
Here the sky's so blue above you,
Sangamon, Sangamon.
And when evening shadows fell,
Lincoln walked your moonlit dell
With the one he loved so well,
Sangamon, Sangamon.

As you flowed onward to the sea,
Sangamon, Sangamon,
Moved by your mystic melody,
Sangamon, Sangamon.
Lincoln's great illumined soul
Freedom's banner saw unfold,
That will wave as ages roll,
Sangamon, Sangamon.

ON A PLACE

THEY say his bony fingers touched the rail
Here in the statehouse; now you touch it
too.

Experimentally, as if a stale
Essence might yet remain and prickle you.
He slung his lankiness upon a bench.
And joined in conclave; he inhaled the stench
Of pioneers' tobacco; from that row
Sounded the voice we are conjecturing.
Once to prevent a vote he stopped the show
By slipping through a window. (Was it spring,
And were there peach trees blossoming below?)
Into the grass he leaped, and off he ran.
Mere backwoods trickery; no sculptor will
Chisel a statue of Assemblyman
Abe Lincoln with his leg up on the sill!
But every day the mixed procession comes
Chugging, and citizens ascend the hill
To rub a wooden railing with their thumbs.

—CELESTE TURNER WRIGHT.

Zion's Herald, February 2, 1927.

Lincoln

MABEL FOSTER WRIGHT

*Calm and benign, still do we see that
face in memory:*

*From those deep eyes, yet gazes out the
man of destiny,—*

*The man whose soul was white as lily
bloom, and yet more sweet,*

*Tho' stalwart as the oak, beneath
whose feet,*

*Fair, in deep forest dark, shines forth
the miracle*

*Of blossom white, from black mold
grown: exotic oracle*

*Of the approaching years, when, clear-
er-visioned, men*

*Should come to see and know his
matchless worth, and honor him:
time when*

*His memory, his name, enshrined upon
the tablets of our hearts,*

*Should inspiration be,—as they are
now! His memory parts*

*The curtains 'gainst heart-breaking,
tragic-storied past,*

*And all may see, and know, and honor
him, at last!*

East Providence, R. I.

Wyatt, John

THE MAN OF HONOR

"You all know who freed every
slave,"

THE MAN OF HONOR

By JOHN WYATT

YOU all know who freed every
slave,

And gave his life his country to
save,

He was born in a rude cabin on the
edge of the wood.

And grew up strong and healthy as
all boys should.

When still a young boy his dear
mother passed away,
And a new mother came to his home
to stay,

He studied hard bettering what his
mother had taught,
And many a deer for their simple
meals shot.

He split many rails a pair of pants
to earn

And when he first saw slaves his
heart began to yearn.

To free every one as soon as he could
He did not know then that later he
would.

In a very quiet way he rose in fame
And many years later our President
became

He brought us safely through a great
war during which he freed the
slaves forever to come

This man so brave, heroic, gentle,
noble and just is Abraham Lin-
coln.

In old Kentucky long, long ago,
Great Abraham was born.
A century and fifteen years, this
joyous happy morn.
Not 'mong the rich nor great of
Earth, but in a cabin lowly,
His birth was sanctified by love,
his babyhood was holy.
How little kings and princes
dreamed that such a one was
rising.
Good men are always in their
work, to wicked men sur-
prising.
God works in a mysterious way
and loves appreciation.
He sends a Lincoln in due time
with Freedom's Proclamation.
He comes with steady, noiseless
tread, like one with mighty
vision,
He stamps his foot upon the earth,
men hold him in derision.
He sees his fellowman is bound
in chains, that most unsavory,
he says,
"This country can't exist 'half
free and half in slavery."
Brave Lincoln, he who broke the
bands of slavers' cruel fetters,
No one can ever think of thee
without becoming better.
O, Lincoln, brother, martyr, friend
thy deeds shall never perish,
But on the hearts and minds of
men, will more and more be
cherished.
Thy lowly birth, thy humble home,
adds luster to "Earth crown-
ing,"
But higher still thy part shall be,
"The crowning in the morn-
ing."

—H. E. Wyckoff,
Cedar Rapids, Ia.

L I N C O L N

By Annette Wynne

A LOG cabin, rude and rough—
This was house and home enough
For one small boy: there in the chimney place
With glowing face
The eager young eyes learned to trace
Staunch old tales of staunch old men;
In the firelight there and then
The soul of Lincoln grew—
And no one knew!
Only the great and bitter strife
Of later days brought into life
Great deeds that blossomed in the gloom
Of that dim, shadowy, firelit room.

DIRGE FOR LINCOLN, THE
JUST.

BY M. EDESSA WYNNE.

Oh, people, mourn in ashen dust,
Your hero stripped in mid-career!
Bewail the fragments of your trust
Cast back to you from LINCOLN'S bier!

Oh, Nation, drop your battle-flag
Half-mast it over fort and town;
Let e'en your swiftest armies lag
To hear the news—just LINCOLN'S down!

Oh, Union, purified by fire,
Your crucibles one moment rest,
Whilst flashing swiftly o'er the wire
The tidings strikes each Northern breast!

Oh, was that olden, glorious time
Prophetic of his awful fall?
Now o'er the land his funeral obime
Beats vainly on a shroud and pall!

No answer to your agony!
God needed him in other lands,
To crown him for eternity,
The scales of justice in his hands.

He took him ere life's glory paled,
We will not see his laurels fade;
Yet every head in dust is veiled,
For LINCOLN is no more our aid!

O martyred hero! loyal chief!
A vain love's tears, affection's cries,
In vain may swell the nation's grief,
It beats against unopening skies.

Close to the wheels of victory
He fell, the bondman's friend. Oh Lord,
Him let the courts of angels see,
Whose pen was mightier than the sword!

THE GRAVE OF LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

monitor *Jan 15 1933*
A wooded hill—a low sunk gave
Upon the hill-top hoary;
The oak tree's branches o'er it wave,
Devoid of slab—no record save
Tradition's story?

And who the humble dead, that here
So lonely sleeps?
And who, as year rolls after year,
In summer green or autumn sear—
Comes here and weeps?

So lone and drear—the forest wild
Unbroken seems—
We well might think some forest
child,
Grown tired of hunt or war—trail
wild,
Here lies and dreams!

But no; no Red man of the West
Inhabits here.
These clods, so oft by the wild beasts
press'd
Now lie upon the moldered breast
On one most dear.

For Lincoln's mother here is laid—
Far from her son.
No long procession: false parade,
Of pride or place was here dis-
played—
No requiem sung.

No summer friends were crowded
round
Her humble grave—
The summer breezes bore no sound,
Save genuine grief, when this lone
round
Its echoes gave.

Her husband, and his children dear,
And neighbors rude—
Dressed in their hardy homespun
gear—
Were all that gathered round her
bier,
In this lone wood.

High pile the marble above the breast
Of chieftain slain.
While, in the wildwood of the West,
In tomb by naught but nature drest,
His mother's lain!

Her grave, from Art or homage free,
Neglected lies;
And pride and pomp, and vanity,
From this lone grave must ever flee,
As mockeries.

A nation's grief and gratitude
Bedewed his bier;
For her who sleeps in solitude,
In this lone grave in Western wood,
Have ye no tear?

And shall the mother of the brave,
And true, and good,
Lie thus neglected in a grave
Unfit for menial, clown, or knave,
In this dread wood?

Oh! nation of the generous brave,
Be this your shame;
And let this grave beneath the tree,
No longer thus neglected be
Without a name.

The above poem by Prof. John Wytttenbach likely first appeared in The Monitor, when Prof. Wytttenbach published the paper in Rockport in 1878. Two copies came in response to our request: one from his daughter, Mrs. Flora Wytttenbach Young, of Richland, and the other from his nephew, S. G. Johnson, of Dale.

Prof. Wytttenbach was county superintendent of schools in 1878 as well as publisher of The Monitor. He was also a son-in-law of David Turnham and had positive knowledge of the subject of which he was writing.

It is also claimed that it appeared in The Rockport Journal shortly before the marble slab was erected by Mr. Peter E. Studebaker. More will appear about this later, when we have had time for more research.—
Editor.

LINCOLN.

Soul Immortal! In thee dwelt
The strength of steel, the tenderness of mercy,
The soil of earth, the lechor of heaven,
The heart of man, the spirit of God;
And as the cowed monk kneels before his deity,
A humble country bends before thy name today
Forever drenched in the ineffable memory
And glory of the name of Lincoln.
The man of a nation; man of all men manly.
We honor him who was proportioned
In the adamant die of the frontier,
Whom fate ordained to press the bitter chalice
Of war against the withering lips of
A million men and drink the dregs himself.
The commoner of our commonalty,
Whose sad eyes bore the prophesy
Of future sadness;
Whose face carried the mastership
Of every crisis and the fortitude
That triumphs over every pain;
Who gave a race of men life's right to freedom,
Who brought an errant people back
To the proved paths of its fathers,
Who felt the life, the hope, the hate,
The fear, the love, of all lives;
To whom upon the pinnacle of his achieve-
ments,
When, at last, the future held across
The interecne chasm of civil war
Long hoped peace and happiness,
The dawn of an unfraught day,
Eternity hung wide its glimmering portals,
And he followed the call of the Soul Immortal.
—G. A. W.

